

HEARTS THAT MISUNDERSTOOD.

"He is so cold!" she said and sighed.
 "His heart is shut within
 The shell of his old
 Cremona violin."
 They met and parted, and as she went
 She dropped upon the stair
 A rose that opened in the soft
 Brown sunshine of her hair.
 The maid forgot her dream of love,
 Another man to wed;
 Years after came a dawn that found
 The white-haired maiden dead.
 With violin upon his breast
 His soul had taken wings,
 And, lo, a rose, a withered rose,
 Was tangled in the strings.
 —New England Magazine.

Through a Telescope.

By M. QUAD.

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There arrived one day at the Swiss hotel where I was putting up in the month of August a man and his wife named Dubar. They were French, but both spoke English fairly well. While they were husband and wife, he was 50 years old and she not over 22. The disparity between their ages was remarked by the gossip, and it was said that it had been a marriage for money on the girl's part. They had been married for a year, as some one ascertained, and the little tenderness of the honeymoon were no longer to be looked for, but before they had been with us three days I made up my mind that the young wife both feared and hated her husband. I saw it in her looks and actions when she was off her guard. On his part he treated her contemptuously and rather paternally in public, but accident made me a listener one day to a speech of his that told me he had a great bitterness in his heart against her.

A good little heed to the gossip around me did I take any interest in the family quarrel. It was on the fifth day after the couple arrived that I wandered away by myself along the mountain stream and by and by sat down beside a boulder to smoke and gaze at a waterfall on the far side of the creek. I had been there a quarter of an hour when I heard footsteps, and peering out, I saw Dubar approaching. I noticed he was pale faced and his lips were compressed, and he was muttering to himself in French as he sat down on the other side of the stone. We were hidden from each other.



THE PUSH SENT HER OVER.

er, but I could hear his lightest whisper. For three or four minutes he was silent. Then he began cursing his life, and there were an intention and a ferocity in his language that gave me the keynote of the trouble between them. He suspected her fidelity and thirsted for revenge. If she had married him for money, he had married her for love, and the blow had told on him harder than if he had been a young man. From cursing and reviling he went off into a fit of weeping and lamenting, and it was easy to realize his mental sufferings. I was helpless in the matter, of course. It was my part to remain silent and hope he would go away without seeing me. This he eventually did, but from some expressions let fall I knew that he had at last made up his mind to a decisive step.

The rule in France, I believe, is for the dishonored husband to wait a little, weep a little and then walk away and become as much of a philosopher as he can, but I couldn't make myself satisfied that Dubar would be satisfied with that. He felt the blow too keenly. He wanted a deeper revenge than that of casting his wife off and sharing part of the public scandal. I had a hunch that at the same table with the couple, that evening at dinner I watched him closely. His conduct would have deceived me had I not overheard his language in the dell. He was all smiles and soft words and seemed to be courting her again. The young wife had brightened up and looked cheerful and animated, and I read the story very clearly. On returning from the dell he had "made up" with her, and she had been deceived into believing that he had forgiven. That he was playing her false was plain from a look or two of his when she was not observing. I saw his mouth harden, his eyes flash, and felt sure that down in his heart he meditated some evil.

That evening there were music and song, and Dubar and his wife participated with apparent enjoyment, and the party broke up for the night. The suggestion, as was afterwards remembered, came from Dubar, to take luncheon and be gone although it was only three the spot mentioned. Bright next morning a full dawn out, there being seven men women. As the procession

turned into the mountain path I was last, and Dubar and his wife were before me. He laughed and joked, and she was merry and full of song. I had been bothered with a lame foot and was obliged to proceed slowly, and several times they laughingly called to me. We had gone about a mile when they drew ahead out of sight, and, knowing the locality well, I set out to take a short cut and save distance. This took me to the east side of a ravine, while the main party were following the west side. I got along fairly well until I was about to strike the path they were following. Owing to a bend of the ravine, the path was half a mile away at one point and then came turning back on itself until it was only a few rods from where I sat down to rest and wait.

I knew that most of the picknickers had passed, but was sure I could head off the Dubars, as I caught sight of them at intervals, and they were still lagging far behind. Opposite the spot where I rested the west path ran over a cliff, making the highest point along the ravine. From the top of that cliff to the bed of the ravine was fully 75 feet. Though my eyesight was good, I had brought along my binoculars, and as I rested I focused them on the distant cliff to make out the Dubars as they passed. In three or four minutes they arrived. They were walking hand in hand and still acting like lovers. I could see the smiles on their faces as they halted for breath. I could and did see more than that. As they stood peering down into the ravine I saw such a look of malignant triumph on the man's face that it made me gasp for breath. The look warned me of what was coming. She stood a little before him, pointing at a flower growing on the very brink of the cliff and speaking of it, and I saw him glance up and down the path to see if it was clear. Then I cried out, but my voice was weak and broken and did not carry a quarter of the distance. I sprang up to wave my hat and let the man know I was watching, but it was a useless move, and I groined in despair as I realized it. I had the glass full on him when he stepped behind her and put out his hands and gave her a sudden push. She had no chance at all. It was only three or four feet to the brink, and the push sent her over as she screamed out. Dubar stood for a moment and then turned and ran for the hotel and gave the alarm. Word was sent to the picknickers, and they returned, and before noon we had the body at the inn. It was a terrible fall, and death had followed it. It was an "accident," of course, with a bereaved husband to give all the particulars, and every one sorrowed with him until his dead was shipped away and he had departed with his tears. I was the only one who knew how the tragedy had occurred, and I said nothing. She was dead, and his life had been wrecked, and why should I meddle?

How He Did It.

At a dinner party the conversation, which had become informal and general, turned on the subject of tricks with cards. One of the men produced a pack and proposed to show the company a most remarkable performance. He asked the hostess to have a soup tureen brought, and it was done. Then he asked the lady at his right to draw a card from the pack and make a mental note of it. She did so and returned the card at random to the deck. The performer next asked three or four of the male guests to shuffle the cards in turn and requested the last of them to place the pack in the soup tureen and put the cover on. Turning to the lady who had drawn the card, he asked her in what order she would have it appear from the top of the pack, and she said she would like to have it in the seventeenth place. One of the gentlemen then took the pack from the soup tureen and counted the cards from the top, face down.

"What was your card?" the performer asked the lady, and she replied that it was the ace of spades. The seventeenth card was turned over and proved to be the ace of spades.

A few days later a cabinet officer, who was one of the guests, met the performer and asked for an explanation of that interesting card trick.

"Oh, that was an easy one," he replied. "You see, that was a pack of my own, and there were 52 aces of spades in it."—Exchange.

By His Works.

The members of the class in rhetoric were reciting to Professor Dash of the Blank university one day when the question of the "split infinitive" came up, and the professor took occasion to condemn in strong terms the practice of using it.

"But, professor," argued one of the pupils, "a distinguished authority [naming him] has just published an article in one of the magazines in which he defends the 'split infinitive'."

"I know it," replied the professor, with a smile, "and in the same article he defends nearly every other pet abomination of the priests, but he doesn't use one of them. He is the most glaringly heterodox man in precept and the most rigid orthodox in example I ever saw."

An ounce of "do" is worth a pound of "say."—Youth's Companion.

What a Gripe!

We are all familiar with the gentleman who used a famous soap "two years ago, since when I have used no other." The experiences of a lady depositor in the Postoffice Savings bank have some points of resemblance. She was apparently unable to write, but her marriage certificate bore a written signature, so she was asked for an explanation. "In reply I may say that I did sign my marriage certificate, but the sexton of the church held my hand with the pen, and since then I have never used a pen." What a gripe!—London Chronicle.

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 SURPLUS.....6,710,842 21

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REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF

The Bloomfield Trust Company of Bloomfield, N. J., at the close of business March 31, 1904.

RESOURCES.
 Bonds and mortgages.....\$122,800 00
 Time loans on collateral.....391,100 00
 Demand loans on collateral.....30,000 00
 Notes and bills purchased.....67,694 80
 Due from banks, etc.....127,234 07
 Cash on hand.....11,589 99
 Checks and cash items.....505 06
 \$751,545 78

LIABILITIES.
 Capital stock paid in.....\$100,000 00
 Surplus fund.....20,000 00
 Undivided profits (net).....12,810 84
 Time deposits.....316,371 92
 Demand deposits.....265,428 53
 Demand certificates of deposit.....3,089 36
 Due to banks, etc.....33,728 29
 \$751,545 78

STATE OF NEW JERSEY, COUNTY OF BERK, ss:
 I, WILLIAM H. WHITE, President, and JOSEPH H. DODD, Treasurer, of the above named company, being severally duly sworn, each for himself depose and say that the foregoing statement is true, to the best of his knowledge and belief.

WILLIAM H. WHITE, President.
 JOSEPH H. DODD, Treasurer.
 Subscribed and sworn to before me this fourth day of April, A. D. 1904.
 CHAS. S. ANDREW,
 Notary Public for N. J.

Correct Attest:
 JOHN SHERMAN,
 EDWIN M. BARR,
 N. H. DODD,
 Directors.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., March 26, 1904.
 Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between Henry J. Speer and Alfred M. Stager, painters and paper-hangers, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. The business will be continued by Henry J. Speer.

Signed,
 HENRY J. SPEER,
 ALFRED M. STAGER.

BOLTON'S LAST YEAR.

The Way He Spent It Preparing For His Death.

"Billy Bolton, the Lansingburg brewer, was a very rich man and one with a host of friends," said an up state man to the New York Sun. "His brewery in Lansingburg was a profitable concern, and he practically owned about all the saloons in that town."

"One day after a consultation his physicians told him that he had Bright's disease and that he surely would not live more than a year. Billy took their word for it and made up his mind to make the fur fly while life was left. He had never traveled much, and so he decided to go around the world."

"He took with him a congenial friend and plenty of money, and away they went. They left a trail of fire and ashes through all the capitals of Europe and the queer and strange places of Asia and Africa. After nine months they came back, and Bolton brought with him the most marvelous collection of souvenirs and presents that any man not a professional collector ever brought into this country. The duties amounted to \$3,000."

"Arrived in Lansingburg, Billy hired the town hall, sent his packing boxes filled with these oriental and European treasures up to the hall and had them all taken out and put on exhibition as though for a church fair. Upon each article he marked the name of some friend whom he wished to remember with a gift. There were hundreds in this category, but Billy had presents for them all."

"On the day appointed for the presentation he invited his army of friends to the town hall. To each he turned over the present selected for him, and amid the cheers of his grateful and admiring fellow townsmen the hall was stripped of its beautiful things."

"When the last present had been placed in the hands of its recipient, Billy went back to his home and lay down to die. Within the year his physicians' prophecy came true, and the town gave him the finest funeral that any man ever had."

THE SHOTE WAS THERE.

Why One Old Farmer Thinks He Would Make a Good Detective.

"Guess I wouldn't have much trouble gittin on the 'tective staff in Detroit if I wanted ter make apperception," and the old farmer kicked a log in the open fireplace so that he could see his neighbors better. They were assembled to hear him tell all about it.

"When I missed that shote outen the pen, next mornin I jest came ter me sudden as lightning that it had been stole by that ther George Washington Pepperville what had been workin fur me. He knowed the dog, so it wouldn't bother him none, and he was the powerfulst man fur fresh pork I ever see. So I goes inter town and tells the head man of the 'tective, and he puts a couple of fellows on the job; and they reports that they was no shote about Pepperville's shanty, and they was no case ag'in him. I 'lowed I might be follerin the wrong track, but I kim home here and sot my own stakes, and I was to Pepperville's afore sunup."

"Wash, I says, 'why didn't you keep that hog when you had him? Wasn't he fat 'nough yit ter suit you?'
 "'Who you talkin to?' he muttered.
 "'I'll hab de law on you if you make me any mo' trouble 'bout dat hawg.'
 "'Now Wash, says I, 'don't git your dander up. That ther shote kim home in the night and went ter squeal in ter git inter the pen. I put ole Rastus on the scent, and he landed me right here.'
 "'Dog gone dat Rastus,' he shouted.
 "'I'll say dat dog alibe.'
 "And he sprung ter the middle of the room and ripped up the floorin, and there was the shote. Wash would have jumped on me, but I jest kivered him with that ole muzzle loadin pistol of mine and tole him ter go gentilelike.
 "Well, sir, he begged and whined so I let him off, him agreein ter tote the pig home in a bag and ter chop wood fur me three days fur my trouble."—Detroit Free Press.

The Rehearsed Wedding.

The wedding was, upon the whole, an artistic success. The bride particularly evinced unmistakable talent. She trembled with all the technical accuracy of an aspen leaf and the emotional intensity of a startled fawn. Her trembling indeed was irreproachable. If she cast down her eyes with something of amateurish awkwardness, the fact is easily attributable to her inexperience, this being her first wedding, rather than to an essentially defective method. She was fairly well supported.

The bridegroom rose from his knees too soon and had to be knocked down by the prompter, but otherwise the minor parts were carried out creditably.—Detroit Journal.

Felt Familiar.

Bennet Burleigh related a pleasant story in the London Telegraph. The incident, which happened in his sight and hearing, was as follows: Two officers, total strangers, new arrivals from up country, rather lonely and bored, were awaiting luncheon. The elder having proposed that they should sit together, a mutual friendliness developed so rapidly that at last one said to the other: "Do you know, I rather like you, and there's something about you that seems familiar, as if we had met before? I'm Major S. of the Blanks." "Indeed! Are you?" I thought to myself. "Indeed! I'm Lieutenant S. of —'s staff, just joined—your youngest brother!"

A Great Error.
 "My hero dies in the middle of my latest novel," said the young author.
 "That's a grave mistake," replied the editor. "He should not die before the reader does."—Atlanta Constitution.

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Styles embrace every fad and fancy up to the present moment; Golden Oak, Mahogany, Weathered Antwerp, Fumed and Early English Oak, Birch, Bird's-eye Maple and that popular and ever-pleasing White Enamel finish, Gold and Vernis-Martin decorations.

In bold relief stand out the Louis XV and XVI epochs, Old Colonial periods, Chippendale, Empire, Rococo, Italian, Hepplewhite, L'Art Nouveau, Mission, Dutch and various other special character numbers.

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Swiss, for curtains, dotted, figured, striped and bordered, 36 in. wide. Regular 15c yard, special 7½c.

We will close our entire line of last season's Irish Point Curtains at one-half price. Designs just as good as this season's, but they cannot be duplicated. Our designs, per pair, 6.75 to go at 3.38 pair; 7.50 to go at 3.75 pair; 9.00 to go at 4.50 pair; 12.00 to go at 6.00 pair; 15.00 to go at 7.50.

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RUFFLE CURTAINS, with either large or small tucks and hems on edge of ruffle. Reg. 85c per pair, special 69c

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